

4-28-2 N.4

C Certayn chapters
take out of the Prouerbes
of Salomō, wyth other chapters
of the holy Scripture; & certayne
psalmes of Dauid, translated
into English metre, by John
Hall. Whych prouerbes
of late were set forth,
Imprinted and vn-
truely entituled,
to be thee do-
ynges of
May-

uer
Thomas Sternhold, late
grome of the kynnes
maiesties robes, as
by thys Coppe is
made be per-
ceaued.

M. D. L.

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To the ryghte

good & worshipful Maister John
Bricket of Eltā esquire, John Hall
hys daylye orator wysheth prof
peryte health and quyetnes,
bothe of bodye and
spryte.

A M E N.



In the intent ryght wor
shipful Syr, that I wol
de eschew & with draw
my self frō ydlenes, the
which of a truth is the
begynnyng, sprynge and increase of
euyl and myschefe, to the intente I
say, to eschew the incomodities that
ther of myght ensewe, I have occu
pyed suche tynes as moughte ha
ue bene bestowed in ydlenesse or
banytyes, in makynge of Prouerbes,
and Psalmes, and other Chapters
of the holy Scrypture, in metre as

A.ii.

is

The Epistle.

is contayned in thys lyttle booke, the
whych I haue ben so bolde to dedis-
cate it to your Maysterchip, trusting
in god, it is not only of me diligently
accōplyshed, but also of your May-
sterchip thākefulli receaued, the whi-
che, yf I may perceiue, it shal further
encorage me to procede in this exer-
cise, not for any skarcite of men that
can do it, but rather to geue thē occa-
syō to occupye thē selues therein that
can do it moche better, trustinge to
God, that soche good men wyll not
be wyth me offended for this my bol-
de enterpryse, but rather accepte my
good wyll, and honest hart, doyng
the best I can, according to my lyttle
wytte and small capacyte. And for
as moche, as it hath pleased the lord
by dyuerse and sundry wayes, to des-
tribute and bestowe hys gracious
gyftes, as it pleaseth hym of his de-
uine goodnes, that is to saye, not all

In one bodye, nether yet all in euerye
 mā oz womā but al such as he doth
 chōse & apoynt, to be hys elect instru-
 mentes, vnto them geueth he his gif-
 tes as it pleaseth his moste large be-
 lyfyngte, for as it is alwayes sene, he
 geueth to one that he geueth not to
 an other, and to some more then too
 some, yea, and to some one more the
 to many thousandes, & thus we may
 se that he geueth his giftes not to al
 such by one measure, but as muche &
 as lytle as it pleaseth him, and not ac-
 cording to our worthines, for yf we
 haue no more then we deserue, we
 shulde haue nothyng at al, therfore
 the lord wylleth them, to whom he
 geueth gyftes, to putte them in vſe
 to the profyt of them that haue neede
 therof, and in no wyse to play the
 euyll seruautes, hydynge the talen-
 tes in the ground, for Saynte Paul
 sayth: that the spyrites geuen to eue-

The Epypale dedycatoze

rye man accordynge to hys calling,
foz to one is geuen thee vtteraunce
of wysdome, to another is geue the
vtteraunce of knowledg, and vnto
another is geuen faythe, so that all
these thinges are the gyftes of god
& not the workes of men, & therfore
who so euer despiseth the same, des-
piseth the giftes of the lord, the whi-
che I trust no good mē of honest re-
putacion wyl do, & as foz them that
bee other wyse, I accōpt their woꝝ-
des as no sclaunder, foz thys I am
sure ther is no mā liuing that cā plea-
se euery mā, foz he that shuld go a-
bout any maner of workes & of eue-
ry body asketh councel it might wel
be sayde that he hath begun but it
shulde neuer be sayde that he hath
made an ende oz that he hath fyni-
shed it, but neuertheles because that
I wold not trust to mine owne witte
when I had duely & dyligently as

I

I cold wayd it with my self but pre-
 farred thys myne enterpryse to thee
 counsell of good wyse and wel lerned
 men by whose good counsell I haue
 bene the bolder to let it go openly a
 broad, for good wyse sober & lerned
 men wyll not despise cōdemne nor
 blame that thig that a wise sober &
 lerned man hath a proued & alow-
 ed, yf anye other for take peraduen-
 ture of learnynge or knowledg do
 in proue any parte of thys boke, yet
 the auctoryte of your Mayster Shyp
 vnto whom I haue dedicate it, may
 cause hym to refrayne yf he haue a-
 ny discrecion, furthermore, because
 I thought you had more delite and
 pleasure to reade or to heare, or sing
 the word of god in metre then anye
 other ryms of vanitie & songes of
 bawdry the whych of longe here to
 fore hath bene vsed rather then any
 other thinge profitable for the body

The Epypale dedycatorp.
Oz soule, by reason thereof it dyd the
further prouoke me to Dedycate it vn
to you, trustynge that you wyll take
it wel in worthe, and not wythoute
it shuld redound to your worshyp
so to do, thus fare you wel the
lyuyng god the geuer of al
good giftes, kepe you
alwayes in health
and pros-
peryte.

A M E N.

Finis.



A Preface to the Reader.

Bere I comit to thy godly discretioun most gentyll reader, this my simple and vnlearned exercise, desyryng þ to take it wel in worthe, accepting my good wyl herein, leaſt haply I should repent me of this my labour, or thinke my tyme euyl bestowed herein, wherfore my desire (gentyll Reader) is, that thou be not of thee mynde of diuers, that be very tymeious persons, which loke in booke, mynding nothing lesse, thā thereby to be edified, but rather to fynd a faute wyth the auctor thereof, and to fynd out thinges, wher at they may geſt, and rayle, yea, and some ther be, no doubt, of the which I haue some experieſce, that wyl speake euyl of them, that they do not knowe, and wyth sclaunder cōdempne such booke as they haue nether redde nor sene, wherfore gentyll Reader, I desyre the that thou reade this booke, not to compare it to the learned and exquisite doynges of other men, as though my desyre were to haue the vayne glory & the prayse of men, but rather like as I haue bestowed tymes herein that myghte haue bene worse occupied doo thou also exercise thy selfe in spynning, ryming, and talking of the prouerbes of Salomon, and psalmes of Dauid, & other Chapters of the holy scripture, as is cōtayned

A Preface to the Reader.

Rayned in this lytle boke, or the workes of o-
ther men more learned, which for theyr doyn-
ges haue as moche deserued to be commended,
as he, what soeuer he was that made þ court
of Venus, or other bokes of lecherous Balla-
des, the whych haue bene a greate occasiō to
prouoke men to the desyre of synne, where as
in these workes thou shalt learne to fle from
euyl company, frō dronckenes & dronkardes,
from couetousnes & slouthfulnes, frō wrathe
and enuy, frō whoredom & all the subtyl be-
hauours of whores, w̄ pryde, yea, & fynallye
frō al wickednes & sinne, withal maner of in-
structiōs þ belong to a pure & godly lyfe, & I
beseeche almighty god, þ these enduercus la-
bors may geue exāples to al soch mē & womē
(as teach their childrē to cal þ father whorson
& þ mother whore, yea, & þ before they cā spea-
ke any thing els) to be as redy to teach thē to
speake vertuous wordes, or to cal vpon þ name
of þ lord, & I beseech almighty god, þ al yong
mē frō hēceforth may be as dyligēt to excede
one another in vertuous thiges, as they be to
excede one another in pryde or songes of bau-
dry & abominable wicked cōmunicatiō, and þ
yōge womē may haue þ grace to geue as dili-
gēt care, & haue as moch delight in vertue, as
in vyce, for it is so now, that he whych cā not
swere, & fighte, & take al maner of baudry, he
is not mete to come in þ cōpany of womē, for
thei haue a prery name for soch a one, thei wil
cal him, I thou hold my asf, but I wold to god

A Preface to the Reader.

these gygolat gerles were as apte to learne
vertuous thiges, as they be to mock & floute
me, & to take the at þ word, or as wel learned
in vertue & godlines, as they be in þ court of
Venus, & as they be in dypinge of theyr heyre
yelow, & the to brayde & curle it w bodkins &
laye it out to be sene, & to paynte their faces,
in doyng of the which they bloot & put out þ
ymage of God, but now alas it is so, þ it se-
meth vnpreuaylable to speake ought agaynst
wickednes, for none in a maner doth seke how
to amend their mys, but rather w most ströge
argumētes to defende the same, for what soe-
uer is most euil, is most esteemed & called most
good, & whatsoeuer is most good, is worst este-
med & called most euyl, wherfore al good mē
vpō a iune occasion, may say: oh most corrupt
and wretched world, so ful of wickednes, ini-
quitie, & synne. But now I saye, o ye men of
god, al ye þ luke for, & beleue to haue saluatiō
let al your myrth & ioye be to prayse & mag-
nify þ name of þ lyuing god, like as the holy
prophet of god, king Dauid, both admonishe
you in the. xxxiii. psalm, sayinge: be glad ye
righteous for þ lordes sake, for prayse becom-
meth iun me, magnify þ lord in prayse w har-
pe & lute, sing vnto the lord w ten stringed in-
strumētes, sing ye vnto him a new dypic, tunc
it swetelye wythe ioyefull Melodye, &c.
Naye Dauid, nay, Saythe our Englyshe
menn, thou arte an vnwyse man, thy wor-
des are spent in waene, whyche thou spea-

A Preface to the Reader.

Speaken vnto vs, for we haue songes made by
wyse & learned men in the court of Venus, &
art gods minstrel, & make melody wth spi-
ritual songes to hys prayse, but we wyl sing
songes of loue to the goddes of lechery, but
hark I saye, and be turned you wycked mē,
and folow the counsell of Dauid, in the. lxxvii.
psal. saying: All people clap your hādes for
ioye, make ye melody to god wth triumphe, &
also in the. lxxvi. psalm. make ye melody vnto
god, as many as inhabite the erth, geue ye
glory vnto hys name in synging, geue nowe
vnto hym glorious prayse, many other places
ther be in the psalter of Dauid, which I
could wyte, but these I truse be sufficiente,
yf you thincke it be not, reade the Scripture
how the Patriarkes, & the prophetes, & holy
men & women gaue prayse vnto the Lord for
all thynges, as Moyses wth the chyldre of Is-
rael, beyng delyuered oute of the handes of
cruel pharaon, the kyng of Egypt, as Jonas
beyng delyuered out of the whales bely, as
Sydrack, Myssack, & Abednego, being cast in
to the whote burninge ouen, at the commaun-
dement of Nabugodonozor, the king of Ba-
bylon, as Iudith hauing the victory of Oli-
farnus, as the blessed vyrgin mary at the sa-
lutacion of Elizabeth, as Zacharyas at the
byrth of Iohn Baptis, & finally, as Symeon
hauing our sauour chylde in his armes, heare
also what S. Paul sayth, in the. v. chap. to
Ephesi

A p̄face to the Reader.

Ephesiās, be fulfilled with the spiritte, speake
hynge to your selues in psalmes and hym-
nes and spiritual songes, synging & making
melodye vnto the lord in your hartes, geuin-
ge thanckes alwayes for all thinges to God
the father, in the name of our lordc Iesu chri-
ste, and also Saynte James sayth in hys e-
pyale the. v. Chapter. Yf any of you be euyl
bered, let hym praye, yf any of you be mery,
lette hym syng psalmes, but God knoweth
howe the conuersation of the people agreeth
wyth thys doctryne, for yf we be euyl bered
we must curse, swear and fyght, and saye a-
las that euer we were borne, & in our myrth
it is manifest what our doynges are, for our
songes are of the court of Venus, yea, and ra-
ther worse, and our talke so abhominable
it were a shame to rehearse, and all oute hole
desyre is, to fulfill the lutes of the fleche,
moch vulyke to the doctryne of Iesus the so-
ne of Syrach, whych in the. xxiij. Chapter of
hys boke, called Ecclesiasticus, sayth: O lord
thou father and God of my lyfe, leade me not
in the ymagination of the wycked, o lette me
not haue a proude loke, but turne awaye vo-
luptuousnes from me, take fro me the lutes
of the body, lett not the desyres of vncleines
take holde vppon me, geue me not ouer to an
vshamefast and obstinate mynde, begyn the
Chapt. and reade it thorow and (no doubte)
thou shalt fynde great fruyt therein, & gentyl
Reader

A Preface to the Reader.

Reader, let this be as now sufficiente to admonish the, to turne thyne exerceyse fro vycce to vertue, to turne thy talke from fylthenesse to godlynes, and thy hole lyfe from euill to good, so that thou maye reade thys boke and the doynges of other men more exquisite to the abolishment of vycce and increase of vertue, the whych, yf I may once perceaue, I haue my hole hartes desyre herein thee which for to do, I beseeche almighty God, the geuer of all good giftes, to indewe the, and geue hys grace to do hys heauenlyss wyll bothe vnto the and me.

A M E N.



The prouer-

bes of Salomon, translated into
Englyshe metre.

Argumentum. Cha. i.

The wysdom of the Lord our God,
doth call vpon vs all
That we shal farre from wycked men,
and followe not their wyll.

My sonne thy father harken vnto
As to his loze enclyne
For sake thou not thy mothers
but sure let it be thyne (lawe)
For that shal cause grace plentifull,
to lyght vpon thyne heade
And on the necke shalbe a chayne,
and stande the in good steade
Therefore (my sone) take thou good
whē sinners do the tempte (hede)
For though that they do the entyce,
to them do not consente
yf they shall saye, come thou wth vs,
let vs laye wayte for blonde

And

The proverbes of Salamon.
And causeles kyll the innocent,
and spoyle them of their good.

Let vs them swallowe quicke and
let vs deuoure them al: (hole
As those that slide into a pyt,
so shall they take their fall.

And we shal costely ryches fynde,
to do ther wyth our wyll:
And wth the spoyles that we shal get
we may our houses fyll.

Cast in thy lotte amonge vs now,
a man yf that thou arte:
And the^e we wyl haue all one purse,
and thou shalt haue thy part.

But walk thou not wth the^e (my sone)
they^r pathes do thou refrayne:
Their fete are hasty bloude to shede
al yll they do retayne.

But al in bayne the nette is layde,
before the byrdes eyes:
Yet one an others bloude to spyl,
much yll they do deuise.

And the^e the selues their own deare
this way do hurt and noye: (blond
And

In metre.

And theyr owne soules do quite be
of al eternal ioye. (priue

This is the way of gredy men
and thys is al theyr feate:

Foz to beryue his brothers lyfe:
his ryches foz to gette

Without therfore doth wysdō cal,
a putteth forth her voyce

Behold foz in the open streates,
to you she maketh noyse

She calleth before the myltitude,
that al men may her know

And in the towne gates openly,
her wordes she doth now she we

Oh folysh men and fonde saith she,
how longe wyl ye delyte

In folysh scholer and ye unwyse,
to wysdom beare suche spyte

Oh turne to my correc:ion,
I wyl my mynde expresse

And I wyl make you vnderstand,
my wordes both more and lesse

Sence then that I haue called you,
and ye refuse my name

B.i.

And

The prouerbes of Salomon
And haue put forth mine hand also,
and ye forsake the same
And al my counsels ye haue hadde,
in moc'synge and despite
And also my correction,
haue set at naught and lyght
Therefore wyll I laughe ioyfully,
in your destruction
And meek you whan the plage you
shal iustly on you come (feare
And whā that whych you feare so
ful sodaynly doeth fal (much
And troubles and great heuines,
shal come vpon you all
The when you do vpon me craue,
I wyl not heare your minde
Though you scke me, & that earely
yet shal you not me fynde
And why? I say because that you,
my knowiedge so abhorde
And cast away against my wyll,
the feare of god the Lorde
I sayd before they dyd refuse,
my counsels euery one

And

In metre.

And dyd not cease, for to despyse,
my good correction
To eate the frute of theirown way
the lord shal them constrayne
With the deuice he shal them fyll,
of theirown insensate brayne
And for the fal of the vnwyse,
he shal them slaye anon
And eke the wealth of folles shalbe,
theirown confusyon
But who to me that geueth eare,
shal dwell safely I saye
And haue ynough, a nede not feare
by nyght, nor yet by daye.

Argumentum. Cha. ii

It is here taughte that we shulde learne
Gods wysdome to obtayne
The wealth also that cometh therof
is here describ'd playne.

(Des)
My sone receiue þ these my woordes
the which shalbe right wyse
And kepe thou my comaundementes,
my sonne I the aduise

B.ii.

So

The proverbes of Salomon

So that thine eares may evermore
to wysdomes scholes encline
Applye thine harte to vnderstand,
suche thinges as bee dyuine
For yf thou after wysedome crie,
and styl vpon her craue
And callest on for knowledg gift,
because thou woldeste her haue
And seke for her as thou woldest se
for mony in the dust (ke
And dygge for her as treasure that
in earth is hydde and trust
The shalt thou right wel vndersta:
the feare of god the Lord (de
And of his law the knowledg find,
accoording to hys worde
For god alone doeth geue to vs,
his wysdom for to speake
Out of his mouth doth knowledg
and vnderstāding eke (spring
The rightuous mē he doth preserue
in welfare through hys myghte.
He doth defende the innocent,
that walke his way aryght

In metre.

He doth the kepe straight in his pa
that they go not astraye (thes
He doth directe hy's holy ones,
to walke ryght in his waye
If thou be soch, thou shalt the lerne
by iustice for to deale
With euery man in equitye,
throughout the comen weale
In iudgemēt right thou shalt lyke
al other men excel (wise
And euery good path vnto the,
the lord shal shewe ful well
If wysdome enter into thyne harte,
and knowledge in thy spirite
The vnderstandyng good counsel,
shal the preserve vpryght
That thou mayst so deliuered be
from euery wycked way
And fro those men that 'froward thi
do alwayes speake & saye (ges
The which do leue the way of light
and walke in darkeues styll
And whych reioyce most iocundly,
when they haue done full yll

B.iii.

Whiche

The prouerbes of Salomon
Whych do delyte in wyckednes,
whose wayes are byle & vaine
Whose croked pathes are sclaunder
fro them do thou refraine (roue
That also from the straunge woman
Delyuered thou mayste be
And from her eke that is not thynne,
or was not wedde to the
Which speaketh faire, & doth forsa
the husbād of her youth (ke
And doth forget the cōnauit made,
of God and of hys trouth.
Take hede, her house enclinet h fast
to death, as I the tell
Her pathes ar sure the ready way,
that leadeth downe to hell
And they also that go to her,
shal not come oute againe
Nor take hold of the waye of lyfe,
I tel the thys is playne
That thou mayst walke in the sure
wherof I do the tel (waye
And kepe the pathes of ryghtuous,
thē shalt thou do ryght wel (nes
For

In metre.

For why: thee iuste shall euer lyue,
in ioye that dothe not cease
The innocente remayne on earthe
in wealth, and eke in peace
But the vngodly shal be pluckt,
out of the lande I saye
And wicked men chaled shalbe,
out of the same for aye.

Argumentum. Cha. iiii.

Sure trust in God ought all men to haue
and not in theyr owne brayne
The wycked man thou shalte not feare,
ne yet the skorne bayne.

My sone, forget not thou my law
but haue it styl in syghte
And let thine hart obserue my woꝝ
so shalt thou walke aryght (Des
For sure they shal prolōg thy dayes
thy yeres, and lyfe also
And byng the peace and quietnes,
and rydde the out of wo
Let mercy noꝝ yet faythfulnes,
hencefoꝝth from the departe

B. iiii.

Bynde

The prouerbes of Salomon
Bind the about thy necke (my sone)
and write them in thyne harte
And so shalt thou great fauor win,
of god and eke of men
In vnderstandyng perfectlye,
expert thou shalt be then
With al thine hart to god the lord
put confidence and trust
And leaue thou not in anye wyse,
to thyue owne wyt and luste
In al thy wayes haue thou respect
vnto the lyuing lord
He shal thy doinges order wel
accorde to hys worde
Be not to wise in thy conceite,
but feare god in thine harte
In hast also from wickednes,
endeuoure to departe
So shal thy nauyl styll (my sonne)
continue hole and sounde
Thy bones also and bodye shall,
wyth lyuely strength abound
Honour the lord, and to hym geue
the best of thy substance

And

In metre,

And the fyrst frutes of thine encreas
hys glory to aduance (se
So shal thy barnes be fylled ful,
and that wyth plentuousnes
Thy presses all shal ouerflowe,
wyth wyne of great sweetenes
The bitter scourge of God the Lord,
(my sonne) do not despyse
And when thou art rebuked of hym,
faynt not in any wyse
For loke whō þ the lord doth loue,
hys rodde shal on hym lyght
Euen as the father whypes his sone,
to know hym self a ryght
Yet doth the Lord neuertheles,
loue hys afflicted styll
Euen as the father doth hys chylde,
when he hath bete hys fyll
Full well is he therfore I saye,
the which doth wysdom fynde
And vnderstanding to obteyne,
doth sette hys harte and mynde
For marchaūdice ther is none soch,
through out the worlde so rounde
There

The proverbes of Salomou
There is no syluer nor yet golde,
wherin soch welth is founde
More worth the al the gold on erth
let wysdom be to the
To hyr al thyng thou canst desyre,
compared maye not be.
On her ryght hand attendaunt is
longe lyfe, wyth coloure grene
And honour stādes on her left hand,
wyth ryches well besene
Her wayes also right pleasaunt are
whych pleasure doth not cease
Her pathes lykewyse ar nothing els
but vnitie and peace
She is a tree of lyfe to them,
that laye holde on her ryght
And blessed ar thei that kepe her fast
wyth all theyr power and myght
In wysdom eke the lyuinge Lorde
ful wel the earth dyd founde
And w his worde þ heauē he made
the earth to compasse rounde
And through the wysdō of the lord
the waters brake vp al

The

In metre.

The cloudes also power do bene the
that on the erth doth fal (rayne

My son, let not these thinges depart
at no tyme from thyne eyes

But kepe my lawe and counsels all,
by the in any wyse

So shall it be eternall lyfe,
thy soule for to embrace

Thy mouth shall be replenished
wyth vertue and wyth grace

Thē shalt thou be right sure to walke
full boldly in the waye

Thy fete shall neuer slyppe from the
by nyght, nor yet by daye

Yf thou doest slepe at any tyme
thou nedest not be afrayed

But sweetely slepe, and take thy rest,
for god wyl be thyne ayde

And thoughe that the vngodly men,
rushe in with vyolence

Thou shalt not be afrayed at all,
for God is thy defence

The Lord wyl stand fast by thy syde,
and helpe the at thy nede

And

The prouerbes of Salomoir
And kepe the safe, and suffer not,
thyne enemyes to procede
And soche as woulde to other men,
Do good wyth all theyr harte
And haue therto sufficient,
to lette is not thy parte
And yf thy selfe thou able be,
thy neyghbour to releue
Helpe him wth soch as thou maist spa
and gladly to him geue (re,
Refuse not to do good to them,
to whom it dothe belonge
Whyle that thy ryght hand able is,
to do it them amonge
And yf thy frende do aske of the,
saye not, gette thou thy waye
To morowe come agayne to me,
oz els some other daye
And the wil I geue it þ (thou sayest)
where as thou mayste it now
Euen out of hand, and yf thou wilt,
thys God dothe not alowe
Intēde not to thy neyghbours hurt
where he no harme hath mente
And

In metre.

And wher to lyue in reste and peace;
he setteth hys whole entente
Strive not (my sonne) with any mā,
where as he doeth no woo
Nor folowe thou the vniuste man,
but hye the faste hym froo
For why? the waye of scorner all,
the Lorde doth cleane deteste:
And for to talke wyth symple men,
the Lorde is pleased beste
Great scarcytye the Lord doth send
where wycked men abyde
But he doth blesse the godly men,
and shall for them prouyde
The lord shal laugh at skorneful mē
and mocke them to theyr face
But to the lowly he wyll geue
hys goodnes and hys grace
The wyse wyth theyr possessions,
in honour shall remaine
But shame is the promotion,
that folythe men obtayne.

Argu

The Proverbes of Salomons
Argumen, Chap. iiii.

Howe sagely and howe fatherly,
he doeth vs here aduise
That we from euyl our hertes refrayne,
and study to be wyse.

YE childre heare your father now
how he doth you exhort (we
Take hede þ you do wisdō lear
whych shalbe your cōfort (ne
And I wyl geue you good rewarde
and therwyth wyl you fyl
If you wyl nat forsake my laboe
but study therein stl
For when I was the only sonne
of bothe my parentes dere
And tenderly beloued was,
of father and mothere
Then he taught me full louingly
and vnto me dyd preache
And thus he sayde full often tymes
as I wyl you nowe teache
Se that thou doest receaue (said he)
my wordes into thy breste
And kepe thē wel, so shalt thou lyue
in perfyte ioye and reste

In

In metre.

In vnderstandinge buselye,
 applye thy selfe alwaye
Lette not the same departe from the
 by nyghte, nor yet by daye
And wysdom neuer suffer thou,
 from the for to digresse
Yf thou loue her she shal preserue,
 and kepe the from distresse
The chiefeste poynte of wysdom is,
 that thou do take in hande
Before al goodes wysdom to gette,
 and learne to vnderstande
Make moch of her and she shal the,
 promote to power and myght
And yf thou her embrace, she shal
 to honour brynge the ryghte
For she wyl make thyne head truly
 both good and gracious
And with a crowne shal garnishe it,
 that is ful glorious
My sone, therfore embrace wth spede
 the wordes I saye to the
So that thy yeres in loye and peace
 on earth prolonged be

The

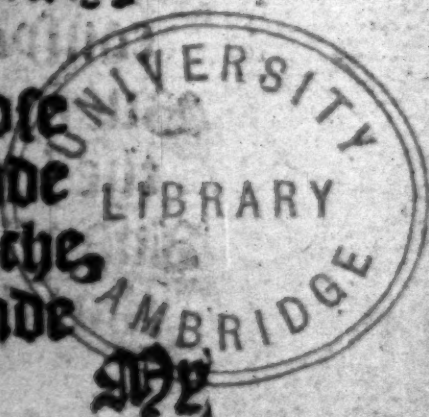
The proverbes of Salomon
The wayes of wyfdom vnto the,
I shall make fayre and playne
And in the pathes of equitie,
shall leaue the to remaine
So that thou mayste walke well in
and haue none hinderaunce (them
And whē þū rānest, thou shalt not fal,
nor haue an euyl chaunce
Of wyfdom the sure holde take thou,
and do not let hyr goo
In keepinge hyr, thou shalt surely,
defended be from woo
And in the pathe come not (my sōne)
of the vngodly trayne
Nor walke thou in the wicked way,
of them whose lyfe is bayne
From the yll trade of naughty men,
departe thou cleane asyde
And se that thou go farre from the,
and kepe the styll awoyde
They cā not slepe tyl they haue done
some harme or els mischiese
Nor take their rest tyl thei haue wro
to some mā wo or grieve (ught
For

In metre.

For they do eate thee bytter breade
of wylful wyckednes
And drinke the wine of cōinē spoile
and al vngodlynes
The pleasaūt pathes of godly men
appeare both lyght and gaye
And to al men more bryght do shine
then doeth the lyghtsoine daye
But thee yll waye of wycked men,
to darkenes is comparde
Wherin men fal, or they beware,
or els do scape full harde
My sōne, mark wel my wordes ther
that I do to the tel (fore
And to the same thine eares encline,
and vnderstand them well
And se that frō thy faythful minde,
thou lettest them not depart
But kepe them styl ful stedfastly,
in the mydst of thy harte
For they are lyfe vnto al those
that chaunseth them to fynde
And health of body to al suche
as beare them in theyr mynde

C.i.

ME



The proverbes of Salomon

My sone also kepe wel thyne hart,
for therein resteth lyfe
And put fro the a frowarde mouth,
and lyppes that caused stryfe
And let thyne eyes wyth dyligence,
behold that which is ryghte
And eke thine eye liddes loke before
Dyrectly in the lyght
Mark wel thy pathes, lest that thy
happe sodenly to slyde (fete
So shal thy gate be sure ynoughe,
whether thou go oꝛ ryde
Turne not asyde on the left hande,
noꝛ yet vnto the ryghte
But kepe away from wickednes,
thy fete wyth all thy myght
The perfite pathes þe lord doth know
that lede the way of lyght (we
The wycked wayes the lord also
consydereth aryght
But such as walke in godlines
the lord wyl kepe and saue
And all their iourneyes prospere so
that they none harme shall haue.

Argu

In mettre.

Argumentum. Cha. 6.

Al harlottes fle, thine honour saue
thy peres spende not in bayne
Of thine owne floure entoy the fruyte
straunge loue also refrayne.

My sone geue eare & that wth spee
my wisdō follow thou (De
With good pretēce to wysdōs
thine eares se & thou bowe (scole
So that thou doest regard alway,
my ryght and good counsell
And & thy lippes may nurtour kepe
lyke wyse in speakinge wel
The flatterynge lippes of wycked
may wel compared be (whores
To hony combes whych do dystyll
as we do often see
Whose wordes appeare vnto thine
as smoth as any oyle (eares
But thou art lyke wout good hede,
to take the shame and foyle
And in the ende thee pleasure paste,
assured mayst thou be
The bitter tast of wormewood shal
more pleasaunt seme to the

C.ii.

And

The Proverbes of Salomon
And so lykewise more sharpe she is,
the swerde of stele wel wroughte
Which on both sides w cuttig edge
mans lyfe doth brynge to nought
forsaken she hath the path of lyfe,
vnstedfast is her waye
So that thou shalt it neuer knowe
what euer she doeth saye
Her fete do leade the waye to death
her steppes do leade to hel
The same be alwayes wanderyng,
and in no place can dwell
Geue eare therfore my sone alway,
and herke well vnto me
And on the wordes of my wise mou
attendaunte se thou be (th
Estraunge thy self as farre fro her
as euer that thou maye
And come not nie her dozes nor hou
by nyght nor yet by day (se
And do thou not thine honoz geue
vnto an other one
Nor yet the fruite of thy log yeres,
to suche as be thy sone

That

In metre.

That wyth thy ryches other men,
theyr houses do not fyll
Nor wth thy paines a straügers hou
be stult agaynit thy wyl (se
Leste that þe mourne, but all to late
vpon a wofull daye
Whē thou hast spēt both life & good
and be compelde to saye
Alas why did I nourtour hate
why did myne harte despyse
The learning pure & I was taught
which wolde haue made me wyse
Why was I not obedient,
to them that dyd me teach
And harkened not to thē the which,
so much to me dyd preache.
Wherfore almost all care & grieve,
is casten me vpon
In the mydst of thy multitude,
and congregacyon
To vse the drinke of thine oʒon wel
is sure a pleasānt thyng
And of the brooke that floweth fro
the heade of thyne oʒone spyrige
Ciii Suffer

The Proverbes of Salomon
Suffer the same to overflowe,
as ryuers to the byncke
That water pure the neady may,
of them at al tymes dryncke
Yet let them be thynne owne onelye,
yf nede of them thou hast
And the straunge mā kepe well fro
yf long they may not last (them
Likewise be glad of thine owne wyfe
Depart thou not her froo
A louing hynd thou shalt her haue,
yf frendely be thy Roo
The brestes of her se that alwayes,
suffisaunt be to the
And with her loue hold the contēte
so shal you best agre
Wherfore (my sōne) why wilt thou
in harlots such delite (haue
And doest embrace thy neyghbours
and doest to him such spite (wyfe
Remembre that of eche mans lyfe,
the trade in the lordes syght
Apereth playn, which he doth iudge
accozdyng vnto ryghte

And

In metre.

And of mans steppes wth watchfull
the nomb^re hath he told (etes
And doth his wayes wth iudgemente
cōsider and behold (ryght
The wickednes of an yll mā
shal catch hym selfe at last
And wth the snares of hys o^{wn} sinne
he shalbe trapped fast
Because he woulde not learned be
Death shal hym ouercome
And headlonge for hys folyshnes,
to Sathā shal he runne

Argumentum. Cha. vi

Dere art thou warned of suretishyp,
and flouthfulnes to fle

Of doctrine false beware the sleighte,
and fle adulterye.

My sonne yf thou a suretye be,
or promyse for thy frende
Thou haste thy hande so fastened
it wyl not be vntwind
And bound y^e art in thine owne wo^{rds}
as fast as thou mayste be (Des
And take art in thine owne speache,
till he acquytethe the

C.iii.

Dyl

The prouerbes of Salomon
Discharge thy self for thou art coꝝ
into thy neighbours dette (me
Seke then al meanes, and se yf thou
thy neyghbour canste entreate
Refraine thine eyes frō to much slepe
and to thy selfe beware
As doth þ̃ Doo the bloudy hōūdes,
or byꝝde the fowlers snare
The little ant (thou slouthful man)
to thyne example take
And learne of her for to be wyse,
and purueyaunce to make
For where she hath no gouernour,
nor maister her to learne
Nor wytty king vnder whose rule,
wel holden is the sterne
Yet nature doth in her thys worke
wythout any other gyde
In somer tyme wyth busy care,
for wynter to prouyde
How lōg wilt þ̃ (oh sloughische man)
in ydlenes remaine
And geue the whole to rest & slepe,
and lackest to take paine

In metre.

Go to, go to, slepe hardely,
and slumbe oute thy fyl
With folded armes lye down to rest
and take thou thynne owne wyl
As one that iourneth by the waye,
so pouertye shall come
And also lyke a weaponed man
on the shall fiercely ronne
But yf thou be industrious
and well thy labour plye
Thyne heruest shal be plentiful
and yelde abundauntly
And as the ryuers greate and depe,
encrease by rage of raygne
So shall thy barnes be stuffed full,
of coyne, and eke of grayne
And thou shall stand nothing at all,
in feare of any lacke
The woful bagge of beggerye
shal neuer greue thy backe
A wycked man, and he that is
replenished wyth gyle
Doeth alwaye seke maliciouslye,
wyth lyes the to bewyle

He

The prouerbes of Salomon
He serueth to none vse at all,
he fleteth wyth hys eyes
And wyth hys fyngers meneth craft
and geues hym selfe to lyes
And he doeth alwayes exercyse,
some mischiefe for hys parte
And causer is of moche discorde,
throughe malice of hys herte
wyth haste therfore remedeles
some yll shall on hym fall
From hym hys lyfe shall taken be,
when he thynkes least of all
Sixe thynges ther be on erth (my son)
whych god doeth hate full sore
The senenth aboue the other fyre
the lorde doeth mooste abhoze
A proude disdaynfull loke the lorde,
doeth vtterly refuse
A lying tongue wyth fyled wordes,
deceytfully doth vse
The hurtful handes whych hast do
the giltles bloud to spyl (make
And can not els them selues refrayn
tyll they haue done some yll

In metre.

An hart that doth his euill thought
to thys onely employe (tes

Which way to worke most wycked
and other men to noye (nes

The fete also whych ready be
greate synnes for to committe

And in one place can neuer stande
tyll they some mischiefe hitte

A wytnes false that doth hys lippes
deceytfully applye

And couertly his neyghbour greue,
wyth some new forged lye

The sower of disorde is worse,
when brethren doth agree

And he that doth cause iouing fren-
great enemies for to be (des

But thou my sonne, my counsels all
print sure into thyne harte

Do not forsake thy mothers lawe
nor laye the same aparte

Commende them to thy memorie
bynde them thy necke aboute

And wher thou goest, lede the wth the
then slepe and haue no doute

And

The prouerbes of Salomon
And whē thou wakest out of thy sle
in them se thou delyght (pe
For my pceptes a lanterne are,
and to thy fete a lyghte
In which thou mayst without perill
passe safely on thy waye
For nurtoure is yf thou it take
to lyfe a ready staye
The same shal the preserue also
from her that lyueth amys
And also from the harlots tongue,
whych so deceptfull is
Let not her beautye the enflame,
her beekes are very hokes
To catche thyne hert into her snare,
through her deceptful woorkes
To bring a man to begge his bread,
it is an harlots guyse
But for the lyfe of honestye
the godly doeth deuyse
Maye any man the flampnge fyre,
in hys bare bosome bringe
But that it shall hys clothes burne,
and cause hys fleshe to wrynge

In merre.

Or may a man on redde hote coles
barefote passe on hys waye
And yet the same hym neuer greue
no, no, I dare well saye
Euen so I thincke that the same mā
that doth an harlotte see
And vseth hym to touche her oft
vngyltpe can not be
The thefe is not despyed of all
that steales for very nede
His gredy wombe, & hongry guttes
in hongre for to fede
The vtmoost is, yf he be founde,
seuen tymes to yelde agayne
Or els to make amendes wythall,
hys goodes that do remaine
But yf thou be in whoredom foude
wyth any neyghbours wyfe
Thou playest the fole, for that doth
destruction on thy lyfe (bring
Thou gettest thy selfe rebuke & shame
wherof none can the rydde (me
Dishonour eke thou purchasest,
whych neuer shal be hydde

For

The prouerbes of Salomōn
For why her husbandes wrathful ire
entreated can not be
Though I geue gyftes, amendes to
as moch as is in the. (make

Argumen, Chap. vii.

In this he doeth all men exhort
to wyldom for to cleaue
He sheweth eke the harlots trickes
wherwith she doeth deceyue.

My son marke well my counsels
I laye the by in store (all
Obserue wel my comaundementes
by the for euetmore
And honour thou the lyving Lorde
so shalte thou be ryghte sure
To raygne in ioyes celestiall,
whych euer shall endure
And other goddes feare not at all,
in men haue thou no truste
And thys doyng thou shalt be sure
to lyue amonge the iuste
The kepe thou my comaundementes,
lo, once agayne I saye

Euen

In metre.

Even as the apple of thynne eye,
by whyche thou seest the daye
And eke about thy fyngers teine,
se that thou do them bynde
And wyte the in thine hert wth spede
and pryncle them wel in mynde
And se that thou to wysdom saye
thou arte my syster deare
And vnderstandinge call lyke wyse
thy kynswoman full neare
For wysdom shal the safely kepe
from women that be ill
So that on harlots fylde wordes
thou shalt not set thy wyl
As I by chaunce late downe to see
the folpe of yonge men
And kepte me close wthin myne house
and pepte out now and then
Behold I saw a yonge fole passe
the corner of the strete
And hyed as fast as he myght goo,
an harlotte for to mete
And so towarde the harlotes house
he toke hys waye full ryght

Thin

The Proverbes of Salomons
Thynkyng to scape and not be sene;
when it was almost nyght
And sodaynly ther mette wyth him,
an harlot proude and bolde
Whych alwaye set her whole delite
to mocke both yonge and olde
For in her herte deceyte was hydde,
and wantonnes also
Whych she declared by her attyre,
and tokens other mo
Whose fete could not abyde wythin
the house, but ranne about
Now here, now ther, in eche blind la
within and eke wythoute (ne
She caught the yōg mā kissing him
and shamed not to saye
I made a bowe which to performe,
I purposed thys daye
Wherfore came I to mete the now,
and to beholde thy face
And thus I haue by happe the found
my waye as I dyd trace
My house is deckt wth painted clothes
of Egypt the to please

In metre.

My bedde doth smel of Sinaimon,
of myrre and Aloes
Come therefore and let vs lye
together althys nyght
And let vs twaine our plesure take,
till it be broade day lyght
Whine husband is not now at home
he is gone farre away
With him he take the money bagge
and comes not home to day
And thus with many flatterig wordes,
she dyd hym overcome
And also through her lying lippes,
anon she had hym wonne
Immediately he folowed her,
much lyke unto an oxe
Whiche led is to a slaughter house,
where he is kylde wythe knockes
Or lyke unto the folysh lambe,
that skypeth in the leese
Whiche that the boucher fetcheth him
inens appetite to please
He thinketh not how shamefullye,
to pryson he is brought

D.i.

Where

The prouerbes of Salomon

My wysdom learne to vnderstande,
and kepe it faythfully

Oh herke wel, and geue good eare,
of wayghty thynges & wyse

My lippes shal speke, mine hart shal
much godlynes deuise (styl,

My talk shalbe on vertuous thiges
wherin I moste delyght

My lippes abhorre the wycked mā
for al his power and myght

My counsels all, and my preceptes,
be ryghtuous and strayght

There is in them no wyckednes,
nor any maner sleight

To suche as do them vnderstande,
they be but very playne

And not to harde for them to kepe,
yf therof they be fayne

Before greate heapes of worldye
chose & my dyscipline (goodes

My doctryne is of greater pryce,
then is the golde so fyne

As lyghtsome dayes wth his bryghte
excelleth the dark night (beames

pohe

In metre.

Whē that the skies ar ful of sterres
oz inone doth geue her lyght
Euen so truly doth wyfdomē passe,
and farre aboue excell
Al woꝛldely wealth: to it nothynge,
maye be compared well
I which am the eternal woꝛde,
and equal in al myght
To god, which al thinges hath ma
and created aryght (de
Allystaunte ain, from tyme to tyme,
in counsels that are iust
And likewise am of al good though
the geuer when I luste (tes
And he which hath the feare of god
sure prynted in hys breaste
Doth hate al vyce, al pryde of hart,
and vtterly deteste
The wicked pathes in which to wal
yll mē haue their delight (ke
The double tōgue his neyghbours
which woꝛketh w despise (hurte
I onely geue vnto mans harte,
good counsell to deuysē

D.iii.

To

The prouerbes of Salomon
To deale by right in equite,
and iustice exercyse
All wysdom doeth procede from me
as from the very springe
All worldly strengthe and fortitude
to man alone I byng
By me þe kiges theyr power do take
and rule the earth thereby
And holsome lawes are stablyshed,
and kept accordyngly
By me also all Magystrates
the people kepe in awe
And iudges geue theyr sentences
accordyng to the lawe
And suche as do vnfaynedly
loue me, I loue agayne
And whē thei cal great hast I make
to rydde them out of payne
All worldly goodes be geuen to me
to do wyth them in my wyll
And I haue power whō that I lyst
with ioye on earth to fyl
And I likewise of heauenly gyftes
haue plentye and great store
wyth

In metre.
Wyllth me doeth grace celestyall,
reynayne for euerinoze
No treasure in the world so boydes
comparde may lustely be
Vnto the fruite and perfecte welch,
whych do procede from me
The tried golde and syluer fyne,
whych doets on earth reynayne
And stones of pryce vnto the same,
may well be compted bayne
And in the wayes of righteoufnes,
to walke is my deylght
And in the place where iudges do,
accoording vnto ryght
I do also the godly men,
throughe mercy to me call
And plentiously do them enryche,
wyth grace celestyall
Wyllth God I haue bene hetherto
and was eternally
Before the earth was created,
my father stode I by
I was begotte longe tyme before
the waters dyd surrounde

The proverbes of Salomon

The earth, or that the mightie hilles
were setled on the grounde
I was likewise before the floudde
had made them selues awaye
Or that the earth or litle hilles,
were brought vnto theyr stay
And when that god & heauens did ma
I was eue then at hand (ke,
And when the Depe he dyd comaund
not to surrounde the land
And when also the firmament,
he made as we now see
And runnig springes of water pure
commaunded for to be
And when that he vnto the seas,
assygued a certayne place
And willed & floudde not to excede
theyr bondes in any case
And when likewise the earth he made
immouable to stande
I was with him, and to eche thing,
dyd put myne helppng hand
I dyd reioyce, and day by day,
I dyd delyght in men

Great

In metre.

Great pleasure eke I had to be
in company of them
Wherefore my sonnes encline youre
and herken vnto me (hertes
Most blessed he is that in my wayes
delyteth for to be
And doth the same kepe faithfully,
as I to hym haue taught
And spedely maketh haile to voyde,
the thinge whych serueth naughte
Geue care, geue care I say my sonnes
and learne for to be wyse
He is a foole and a wycked mā,
that doeth the same dyspyse
And happy is the man that doeth,
heare me wyth good intent
And he also whose watchful eyes,
on me are al wayes bente
For he that hath obayned me,
of perfyte blysse is sure,
And God to hym the lyfe wyll geue,
that euer shall endure
And who that doth against me sinne
Doth brynge hys soule to care

Myne

The proverbes of Salomon
Mine enemies shal of dredeful death
be worapped in the snare.

Argumentum. Chap. ix.

From synfulness the soune of God
doth call both yonge and olde
And sheweth playne the wyckednes
of harlottes proude and bolde

The wisdō highe of god aboue,
equall wyth hym in myght
Whych frō the fyrst beginninge was
from heauen descended ryght
And here on earth the shape of man
disdayned not to take
Whych being done, vnto hym selfe,
a princely house dyd make
Wher i were wrought of marble fy
pillers both large & wyde, (ne
The same therby that he might can-
for euer to abyde (se
And then anone great quantitie,
of vitayles dyd he laye
With wholsom meates, & pure good
hys table dyd he laye (wyne
And

In metre;
And the sent forth his hadmaydes al
and gaue them to theyr charge
To bydde al men vnto hys house,
whych was so fayre and large
And sayde also full louinglye,
yf any fole there be
Let hym resorte vnto my house
and come streyght vnto me
To synful men he spake lyke wyse
resorte to me wryth spede
And of my bread eat you your fyll
prepared for your nede
And drinke the wyne before you syt,
and leaue your ignorance
Walke in the trace among the good
where wyse do leade the daunce
yf thā thou doest the skorneful man
admonishe to repent
Thou doest nothinge but worcke in
for he wyl not relent (bayne
He yet amende hys wycked lyfe
whereby he doth prouoke
The iuste and euerlastinge God
to plage hym wryth hys stroke

And

The proverbes of Salomon
And in the same iniurionse,
vnto thy selfe thou arte
And winneth hate: for thy good wil,
he setteth not a farte
But yf thou doeste, yea bitterlye,
rebuke hym that is wyse
He wyl the loue, and at no tyme
thy good counsel despise
The wyse man dothe aduertisment,
alwaye turne to the beste
And by the same more ready is,
all vice for to deteste
For who so doth & righteous teache
of thys thyng maye be sure
He wyl make hast learninge to win,
and therin wyl endure
The feare of God the first poynt is,
hys wysdom to obtayne
Of wysdom he shall neuer mysse
in whom gods feare doth raygne
To forche wyl god send ioyful dayes
and wyl theyr yeares encrease
And al theyr good wyl multiplie,
that they maye lyue in peace

The

In mette:

The wyse man doth all yll escape
and nothinge doeth he lacke

The skorning men great synne doth
vpon hys woeful backe (beare

Of pratyng whores and impudent,
it is the wounded gypse

woyth flattering wordes & whorische
to tye in the bywoyse (trickes

A chameles whore of godlynes,
doeth knowe nothinge at all

In open stretes she sytteth downe,
that men she maye ther call

As they do passe from place to place,
theyr busynes to do

If any man do want hys wytte,
let hym go her vnto

To whom she wyl not stycke to say,
and boldely to hym tell

The water that by stealth is gotte,
all other doeth excell

And so lyke wyse the stollen bread,
all though the same be so sore

Moche sweeter is then other bread,
at large whyle men deuoure

But

The proverbes of Salomon
But in thyne harte my louing sonne
print this my sayinge well,
Who so by her is overcome
descendeth vnto hell
And who that doth contrary wyse,
her wycked waye denye
vnto his soule winneth quietnes,
and saued shalbe therby.

Argumen. Chap. x

The wyse man wyth the folye man
is here compared playne
The feare of God commended is
and tryng gotte wyth payne

The wyse sonne doeth his father
wth gladnes & wyth ioye (fyl
But the vnwyse wyth sorow doeth
hys mother hurte and noye
And treasure gotten wyckedly
shall profyte the nothyng
But wysdam shal delyuer the
from death and from his stryng
The lord wyll not hys holy ones
in hunger to abyde

But the vngodly kepe he wyll
 from theyr desyre full voyde
 A ydle hand the thyrifty man,
 doth make both pooze & bare
 But yet the hande in labour quicke
 the neady cryeth from care
 The wyse man doeth in somer tyme,
 hys fruytes laye vp in store
 That he thereby in wynter colde
 may helpe hym selfe the more
 But who so that in haruest tyme
 a slouggardes parte doth playe
 A fole hym sheweth and is compelde,
 to begge another daye
 With beauty deckt is the bright face
 of euery ryghteous one
 But past all shaine the wicked are,
 wyth theyr presumption
 Of wysdom eke the memory
 shall haue a good reporte
 Euen so the name of wycked men
 shall come to shaine resorte
 A wyse man wyll admonished be
 and that is sygne of grace

The Proverbes of Salomon

A foole wyl rather then he so do,
b^e stricken on the face
Who so that leadeth a gyltles lyfe,
Doth walke away ryght sure
Yf thou treadest in the wycked trace
thou shewest thy selte vnpure
The wycked man beware my sonne,
least he do the same harme
Out of the mouth of folys the men,
all wyckednes doth frame
The righteous mouth doeth make
a is the wel of lyfe (moch peace
The wycked mouth contrary wyse,
Doth alwaye stirre vp stryfe
And enuie the mother is,
of cursed wordes and fell
But loue doth hyde full gently
the wordes not spoken well
The lippes of the that vnderstande
of wysdom haue no lacke
But the scourge doth onely belong,
vnto a folysh backe
Wyse men doth good knowledge ke
more sure then they? lond
But

In metre.

But nygh to theyr destruction,
Drawe folysh men and fonde
The richmans goodes ar his strōg
wherin hys trust is all (holde,
yf pouerty oppresse the pooze,
the rych mans helpe is final
The good is wont to neadve men,
part of hys goodes to geue
And of hys store hys neyghboures
with plenty to releue (lack
But to bestowe in vanities,
the wycked do not cease
Such goodes as he shulde wel em
bnto his neighbours ease (plov
Take hede therfore and chastysmet
receyue woth al thyne hart
yf thou refuse aduertisement,
thou playest a folysh part
Disseimbling lippes are very cause,
of hatred and despyte
A fole he is whych slaunderouslye,
his neyghbours fame doeth byte
Of many wordes and ydle talke,
offences do aryse

E. i.

But

The proverbes of Salomon
But well is he that can refrayne,
hys tongue from tellyng lyes
The tongue whych is al innocente
a noble treasure is
The cruell harte of wycked men
delyght to do amys
The righteous doeth wth their faire
a multitude enflame (speach
for to embrace much godlynes
and to eschue all shame
And so lyke wyse thee folysh men,
are lyghtly caught in snare
Of their owne wordes, a trapped fast
or they therof beware
The blessinge of the lord onely,
of ryches sendeth store
The trauayle is the instrument
wherby he geueth more
yf God do not encrease thy corne,
and blesse it wth hys hande
The shalt thou labour but in vayne
in tyllynge of thy lande
Alsole in vyce reioyceth styll,
for why, he doth not care

In metre.

Yet neuertheles, I the aduise,
of suche one to beware
For at the last wyth myserye,
the wycked peryshe shall
When godly mē shal prospere wel,
and dreade nothyng at all
Ungodly men shall banyshe quyte,
and neuer turne agayne
Moch like vnto an hurling sterne,
myxed wyth haile and rayne
The ryghtuous shal continue styll,
and hereof be ryght sure
In reste and peace of conscience
for euer to endure
As vinegre good wth his sharpe taste
doth set on edge the tethe
And the thyck smoke vnto the eyes,
is cause of payne and grieve
A slouthful mā and sluggysh beast,
the good doth so offende
Whē they in bayne wold haue hym
and he wyl not amend (thyrue
The feare of god doth blesse þ good
and the yeres doth prolonge

C.ii.

29

The proverbes of Salomon
As for the yeres of wycked men,
shal not continue longe.
The good doeth byde in pacyence
and shalbe glad therfore
The wycked shal for al theyr haste,
peryshe for evermore
The waies of god doth courage ge
vnto al godly men (ue
But suche as lyue in wyckednes,
greate feare doeth fynde in theym
The ryghtuous shal at no tyme fal,
but stedfastly shal stande
The wycked men shal dwel in lyfe,
no longe tyme on the land
The mouth also of godly men,
in wysdom doeth delyght
The lying tongues of froward men,
agaynste the trouth doeth fyght
The rightuous lyppes are occupied
in wysdomes talke onely
Ungodly men abuse their tongues,
in shame and blasphemy.

Argu

In metre.

Argumentum. Cha. xi.

To deale vpryght here are we taught,
and humble for to be
And mercy eke commended is,
toyued wyth symplitie.

In the lordes syght, & in his eye
it is a thyng moste byle
woith subtil weyght or mesure false
thy neyghbour to begyle
But god the lorde contrarpe wyse,
in trouthe doeth moste delyghte
It is hys wyl that all men shoulde,
wyth other deale vpryghte
The equall weyght & balaunce iuste,
to god ryght pleasaunt be
wohen that thee same vnto all men,
do yelde wyth equitye
Rebuke and shame do folow pr:de,
in whome that it doethe raygne
But where ther is humylite,
greate wysedome doeth remayne
woho doth not hate wil, hart, nor mi
throughtout þe world so wyde. (De

Eccl.

The

The proverbes of Salomon
The fierce & proude disdainful mā
whych is addicte to pryde
Who doeth not loue vnto theyr pos
the man of humble sprite (wer
The way whych in doyng good
to other doeth delyght
The synplenes and meanyng true,
whych godly men assaye
Doth them directe in holynes
and in the perfyte waye
The wicked craft & wyly sleghytes
whych in the yll are found
Do at the laste cast downe the selues,
and laye them on the grounde
The day that god in dome shall syt
to iudge both good and bad
What shal the goodes vs preuaile
whych in this world we had (le
The iustice yet and rightuousnesse,
whych the chryst to man dyd brynge
From death shal safe deliuer him,
and from hys deadly styng
The meanynge true of simple men,
shal holde them styll vpryght

The

In metre.

The wicked traine shal headlōg fal
for al their power and myghte
The godly folk through righteous
delyuered be at last (nes
The wycked in theyr o bone Deceyte,
Shall trapped be full fast
Whē death arrestes the wycked mā,
with his most dreadful darte
His hope is gone, for on his goodes
onely he set hys harte
The iust mā is, by the lordes helpe,
delyuered from yll
In stede of whom the wicked man,
tormented shall be styll
Beware also dyssemblinge men,
for they wyl sone betraye
Their faithful frend through flattrig
(wordes
what so their mouth doth saye
But yet the iust and faythfull men,
theyr knowledge shal defend
from al the snares of filed wordes
whyche wycked men intende

¶

¶

The prouerbes of Salomon
Yf that perchaunce an honest man,
to wealth aduanced be
The hole citey wherin he dwelleth,
reioyce as well as he
And yf so be a wycked man,
do happen to decaye
All men bee gladde that he so soone
is banyshe away
And so lykewise thoro godly me,
a cytpe shal encrease
To which by their good gouernaũs
is brought both rest & peace (ce
So that the same in noblenes,
all other shall excell
As in a ranke of ladyes fayre,
some one doth beare the bell
But through þe mouth of þe wycked
whych honestye do hate
Hole contryes and greate regyons
are set at stryfe and bate
Wherby at lēgth the same be brou-
to ruine and decay (ghte
And from a fall by no meanes can,
them selues vpholde and stape

¶ who

In metre.

Who so that doth hys frend despyse
Doth shewe but lyttle wytt
By thys it seemes to lyue on earth
that he is nothinge fytt
The wyse man can euen whē he list,
from talke hys tonge refrayne
Wherby he scapes the daūgerous yl
of hatred and disdayne
The flatteringe man a fained frende
that doth nothinge but glose
Of hys Deare frende vnfaithfully
the secretes doth disclose
But faythful frēdes whose doynges
bpꝛyght and also iuste (are
In no wyse wyl be wꝛay the thinges
committed to theyꝝ truste
And where ther lacks a gouernour
both politique and wyse
The people whych be vnder hym
shall fall and neuer ryse
But happye is that region,
whose ruler hath the grace
The talke of godly counselours
to folowe and embrace

Who

The prouerbes of Salomon
Who so is bound for straungers detts,
Doth bring him self to care
And is compeld the same to paye,
though he be poore and bare
But he shall lyue in quietnes,
and haue no feare at all
Whych taketh hede by suretyshippe,
least he in daunger fall
A woman whych is gracious,
and doeth applye her mynde
To vertuous schole vpon the earth,
is sure great grace to fynde
An ydle hand can at no tyme,
to welthynes attayne
But he is sure the same to wyne,
that laboureth with payne
The mā in whose herte mercy worz
him self doth profite most (kes
For mercy from infernall payne,
doth rydde hys synple ghost
The cruel man farre otherwyse,
with malice and debate
Euen soche as ought be nere to him
Doeth persecute and hate

In metre.

Of the bayne workes of wicked men,
no profyte cometh at all
Theyr doynges are not permanent,
but sure to haue a fall
But who so doth seke righteousnes
and practyse her in dede
Is sure to haue eternall ioye
for hys rewarde and nede
And mercy doeth prepare the waye,
that leadeth vnto blysse
If thou be geuen to wyckednes,
of death thou shalt not mysse
The lyuing lord doth most abhorre,
the man whose herte is yll
And onely bente to wyckednes
wyth whole entent and wyll
But he doth moost reioyce in soche,
that in hys worde delyte
And leade theyr lyues accordingly,
in synplenes of spyte
A woman whych in beauty doth,
all other farre amende
And hath no good conditions,
her beautye to defende

Vnto

The prouerbes of Salomon
Vnto a ringe of pure good golde,
a man maye well compare
The which a sowe in her foule nose
continuallye doeth beare
The iuste men do o reioyce in god,
and holynes embrace
But bente vnto all fylthynes,
the wycked runne theyr race
And some ther be that wth their good
their neighbour doth releue (Des
And yet the same do styll encrease
though they do largely geue
And some ther be contrary wyse,
that others robbe and pyll
Of ryches greate, yet for all that,
they be but beggers styll
The soule of hym most blessed is,
and neuer shall haue nede
Which in his store wth gladsome hert
the hongry men doeth fede
And so lyke wyse he neuer shall,
for lacke of drinke decaye
That vnto him doth reache the cup,
that trauayleth by the waye.

The

In metre.

The people curse most bitterly
the tyller of the grounde
Whych in his barnes no corne at all
wyl suffer to be founde

In tyme of derth, although he haue
great plentye and great store
But kepes it close euen purposely,
to make the pryce the more

But blessed is he i all mēs mouthes,
that when the corne is skant
Bringeth forth his graine, & suffreth
the market for to want (not

He ryseth well, and in good tyme,
for good thinges that doth call

The naughtie workes of wicked mē,
shal sone oppresse them all

Who so in hys bayne ryches dothe,
put confidence and truste

Is sure hereof whē he thynkes lest,
to fall into the duste

Wher as the iuste and faythfull mā,
shal prosper styll in peace

Euen as a tree in the sprynge tyme
doth budde forth and encrease

And

In metre.

And who þe doth through folly bring
hys household out of frame
Shal washe his goodes, & in þe ende
susteyne rebuke and chaine
And the at length for lacke of wytt,
and spoylinge that was hys
Agaynst hys wyl the wyse mā's nede
to serue he shall not mysse
The tree of lyfe or heauenly ioye
is euen the very gayne
A frute that iuste & righteous men,
shal reape for all theyr payne.

¶ Here endeth the chapters of the
Prouerbes of Salomō, and here af-
ter foloweth the .vi. chapter of the
boke of wysdome.

¶ The .vi. chap- ter of the Boke of wysdom called Sapientia.

The

Sapientia. Chap. vi.

The kynges and rulers of the world
the wyse man here doeth call
Yf they to wysdom wyll not cleave
God wyll them punyssh all.

Wysdom is a better thyng
the strength & force to fyght
A wyse man is more worth also
than a strong man moch of myght
Heare o ye kynges and vnderstand,
be wyse therfore and learnde
By whom the matters of the earth,
be iudged and desernde
Geue eare to me, I saye: all ye
that rule the multitude
which in moch people haue delyght
and al thynges shulde conclude
For power and strength is geue you,
of God the Lorde most hye
He shal serche out that you inuent
and al your workes euyl trye
Howe that you beynge officers
vnder hys kyngly trone
You dyd not iudgement execute
as vnto hym is knowen

And

Sapientia. Chap. vi.

And how you haue not kept the law
of righteousness I saye
Nor haue not done his blessed wyll,
nor walked in hys waye
Horribly and that ryght soone,
to you he shall appcare
For right hard iudgemēt shal thei ha
that power & rule doth beare (ue
Mercy vnto the simple men
is graunted with good intent
But they that beare auctorite
shal haue sore punishment
For God, that is the Lorde of al
and iudgeth very tyght
Shal stand in awe of nomā's power
hys greatnes or hys myght
For he hath made the small & great
hys care on all is bente
But they that be of myght shal haue
the sorer punishmente
O ye kynges to you therfore,
do I speake all thys
Because that you may wisdō learne
that you go not ains

For

In metre.

For they that righteousness doth ke
shal be iudged righteously (pe
And they that lerned in righteous thi
shal answer redely (ges
Wherefore loue my wordes I saye
and on them set your lust
So shal you wel by noxture come
in season due and iust
Wysdome is a noble thynge
awaye she wyll not moue
And she is sene full easelye
of them that doeth her loue
Them that doeth her desyre
them she doeth preuent
So that she may shew first her self
to them with good intent
Who so awake the too her by tyme
shal haue no great tranayle
For at his doore he shal her fynde
she shal him neuer fayle
Ryght perfectly they vnderstand
that thynketh her vpon
And they that watch for her shal be
ryght safe and that anon

f.i.

for

Sapientia. Chap. vi

For she alwaye about doeth go
and seketh euery where
For soch as shuld for her be mete
and God doth loue and fere
Full cherefully befoze they eyes
her selfe she dooth shewe
And metethe them wyth dyligence
because they shuld her know
For the desyre vnfayned
of refozmacyon
Is her beginning and her grounde
that she is buylt vpon
To care for noxture loue it is
ye loue wyth hys prudence
And loue is keepynge of her lawes
and that wyth dyligence
It is perfectyon to kepe thee lawes
and ryghtly doeth accorde
An vncorrupt lyfe maketh a man
fainflyar wyth the lord
Yf your delyght in royall seates
and scepters than shulde be
ye kynges that do the people rule
I saye harken vnto me

And

In metre.

And vpon wysedome set youre luste
I say to you therfore
That you may raigne in great gloz
with god for euer more (re
O loue the lycht all ye that rule
the congregation
And I wyll make of wysdom nowe
a declaration
What wysdom is, how she came vp
I wyll tell you thys tyme
The misteries of God the Lorde
from you I wyll not hyde
But I wyll seke her oute
that all men shall it see
Yea, from the fyrste oryginal
of her natyuitie
And brynge the knowledg of her
and shew you al the ground (light
And as for kepinge backe the truth
in me shal not be found
Nether wyll I haue to do
wyth enuye and diswayne
For such men in no wyse maye
to wysdome apertayne

J. ii.

The

Sapientia. Chap. vi

The multitude of the wyse doth make
the worlde ioyfull to be (ke
A wise king doth his realme uphold
wyth ryghte and equite
O receaue ye noztire then,
it is a blessed foode
And let my wordes be your counsell
and it shall do you good.

20 Here endeth the. vi. Chapter
of Sapientia, and here after
foloweth the. ix. Chap:
ter of Ecclesiasticus



The. ix. chapter of Eccle-

siasticus.

Argumentum. Chap. ix.

EHowe that men shuld behaue them selfe
wyth wyues that be theyr owne
An olde frende is the beste of all
for he is cruelye knowne.

BE not gelous ouer thy wyfe
But kepe thi house woutē strife
That she shew not some poit of
Of wicked doctrine the to spil (yl
Geue not thy power, nor yet thy lyfe
Vnto an whoze that maketh stryfe
Lest she redound win thy strength
And so cōfound thy soule at length
Loke þ not then on women nought
That vpon men set al theyr thought
But vpon soch set not thy care
Lest that she twiche the in her snare
Se thou escheu thy selfe alwaye
From her that vse to daunce & playe
Heare thou her not in any wyse
Tho she full oft do the intyse
Behold not a mayde, I say to the
Lest thou be dismayd of her beautie
Cast not thy mynd on harlots then

I. iii.

Proz

Ecclesiasticus. Chap. ix.

Not on thee kynde of euyl women
Lest thou destroy thy self in age
And eke anoy thyne herptage
Be not gasinge I say to the
At euery thyng in the cytye
Do not wander in euery strete
But be in feare the euyl to mete
And turne away thy face her fro
The womā gay wil work moch wo
And loke not on the great beauty
Of any one vnknown to the
For many me the whych dyd stare
On strāge womē that were so faire
Were perished through their desire
Which kindled lyke burnyng fyre
An aduouterous woman wyth yre
She shalbe thus trodē in the myre
Under the feete as doxt and clay
Of all that goeth vpon the waye
Many a man wonder haue had
Of a strāge womā were thei not mad
Yes for they were as cleane outcast
Her wordes did fare as a fiery blast
Thus kepe the styl in godly lyfe
Set not thi wil on āother mā's wife

Ecclesiasticus. Chapter. ix.

Syt not wyth her at any sted
Lye not wyth her vpon the bed
No talke w her make thou at wine
Lest that to her þ shuldest enclyne
And so thou & thy bloude shuld fall
And on the land destroyed all
For sake not you a good olde frend
For such a new thou shalt not fynd
For a new frend is like new wyne
Which is not kind tyl it be fyne
Let him be old then shalt þ be sure
To drinke hi be bold w great plesure
Do not desyre, the honour therfore
That a sinner doth kepe in store
Thou doest not know þ destructyō
The which doth flow & come the on
Kepe þ fro þ mā þ hath power to slay
Thou nedest not thā of death to fra
And se þ make w him no strife (ye
Lest that he take fro the lyfe
Remember how in the cytye
Thou shalt doest go in ieopardie
And take good hede of an euyl ney:
Lest w his dede he þ deuoure (boz
Soith wyse men be in companye

Ecclesiasticus. Chap. ix.

It shal do the, greate honestie
Let iustice be, thy gestes alwayes
And merely, geue god the prayse
Se euer styl, that thou be kinde
And w good wyl, kepe god in mind
Let all the wordes, with good met
Be on the lordes, commaundement
The craftsma, maketh, gorgeous en
All other then, doeth it comend (De
Princes that rule, their people well
ful oft they wyl of wysdom tel
A ma that many wordes doeth vse
A wyse ma than, wyl them refuse
For such a one I say to the
Doth make moch mone, in a cytye
Ther is so moch tymeryte
Without it, such men can not be
He is past shame, I say therfore
He shal him blame, and eke haboze

Thus endeth the ix. chap. of Ecclesiasticus, and here after foloweth the.iii. chapter of the second eppistle of Saynte Paul to the Thessalonians.

The.iii. Chapter of the
second Epistle of S. Paul, to the
Thessalonians.

Argumen, Chap.iii.

Yf any be that wyll not worke
but ydely wyll leue

Eschewe oute of hys compaigne
no meat we shulde hym geue.



Further moze brethren,
praye you for me

That the word of god,
may haue a passage fre

And be glorified, as it

is wyth you then

That we maye be deliuered,
from vnreasonable men

For all men haue not fayth,
but the Lorde is iuste

The whych shall stablyshe you, that
in hym you maye truste

Therfore the Lorde, to you
we haue good truste

That ye bothe do and wyll do, that
whyche we sayde mooste

And the Lorde guyde youre
hartes in hys loue.

And

To the Thessalonians. Chap. iiii.
Of God and also patientye
of Jesu Christe aboue
We requyre you brethren, in the
name of Jesu Christe
That you wythdrawe youre selues,
from soche as do resyste
From euerye brother that
inordynately doeth naught
Not after the institution, whych
we vnto you taughte
Ye youre selfe dyd knowe howe,
we dyd you amonge
For we behaued not oure selues
inordynately & wronge
Neyther toke we bread, of any
man for noughte
But wyth laboure and trauaile,
nyghte and daye we wrought
Because that greiuouse, to you
we woulde not be
And yet not, but that
we hadde auctorite
But we oure selues in sample
to you made

That

In metre

That you shoulde folowe vs
accordinge to the trade
For when we were wythe you
we gaue a warninge great
If any were that would not worke
the same shulde not eate
No doubt, there are amonge you
some as we heare tell
That walcketh inordinate
the whyche do not well
But are busye bodyes,
and worcke not at all
They in that are soche, we
commaunde you to call
By oure Lorde Jesu Christes name
do they in intreate
That they wythe quietnesse
theyr owne bread maye eate
Brethren be not weary, though
the tyme be longe
Not of well doyng, yf
anye of you amonge
Obeye not oure saynges, wyte
and to vs sende

And

To the Thessalonians. Chap. iiii.
And haue no company wyth hym,
tyll that he do amende
That he maye be ashamed,
and counte hym not a foo
But warne hym as a brother,
that he nomore do so
The verye Lorde of peace,
geue you peace alwaye
The Lorde be wythe you all
and kepe you nyghte and daye
The salutacion of me Paule
wythe myne owne hande
Thys is the token of pyttles
all for you to vnderstande
So I wyte too you, and
vnto God I call
The grace of oure lord Iesu Christ
be euer wyth you all.

A M E N.

¶ Here endeth thee. iiii. Chapter of
the second Epistle to the Thessalo
nians, & here after foloweth certayn
Psalines of Dauid.

Certayne Psalmes of David,
Drawen in metre.

Ad te domine leuavi animā. Psal. xxi

The faythful man that searcth God
doth praye wyth harte and mynde
For helpe agaynst hye enemyes
the pertye waye to fynde

The I lyfte my soule o lord
my god I trust in the

Oh suffre not myne enemyes
to triumphe ouer me

For all they that in the hope
ashamed shall not be

And they that bseth skorne & spyght
shall be confounded of the

My kynge my God I praye to the
shewe me now thy wayes

O Lord, & teache thy pathes to me
and I wyll geue the the prayse

Leade me Lord thy trueth to speake
and learne me to be iuste

Thou art my God & my sauiour eke
all daye in the I truste

O call to thy remembraunce
thy tender mercy pure

And

The psalmes of David
And eke thy louyng kyndnes lord
that euer hath bene sure
Keine not my synnes o God
and prayse of my youth
For thy goodnes and mercyes sake
thynke on me lord wyth ruthe
How fayne and howe ryghteous
is god the lord of myght
Therefore he wyl the synners teach
to walke the waye of right
The simple he doeth leade aryght
and teacheth them nyght and day
Such as make them learneth he
to walke ryght in hys waye
The wayes of god are mercyfull
and faythfulnes is plyght
To al that kepe his testamente
and couenaunt aryght
For thy name sake o lyuynge lord
be mercyful to me
And to my synnes for they be greate
and myne iniquyte
What so euer he be
that feareth the lord I saye

De

In metre

He shall to hym show his preceptes,
and eke his chosen waie
His soule shall euer dwell at ease
thereof I you insure
His seide shall styll possesse the lande
for euer to endure
The secretes of the lord are knowe,
to theym that feare hym styll
He sheweth to them his testament,
his couenaut and wyll
Myne eyes are lokyng to the lord
on whom my truste is sette
For by his might he shall pluck out
my fete out of the nette
Turne the vnto me O God
nowe for thy mercyes sake
Haue mercye Lord on me
for I am desolate
The sorowes of my harte be greete
full sore it doeth me greue
O bringe me out of troubles Lord
In the I do beleue
Looke vpon my myserye
and myne aduersyte

For

The psalmes of Dauid
Forgeue me all my synnes O lord
I haue offended the
Consider how myne enemyes
be many moche and greate
And beare an harte malytyous
for they wolde me defete
O kepe thou my soule O god
and eke Delyuer me
Let me not be confounded lord
I put my truste in the
Righteous dealing & innocencye
now wyth me let them dwell
And out of hys aduersyte
Delyuer Israell.

Benedicā dominū in omni. psa. xxxiii
How god doth kepe the ryghteous men
and he wyll them defend
How for to scade a godly lyfe
yf you do so intend.

I wyll vnto the lord
be geuinge thanks alwayes
My mouth & tongue shal euer be
a speakyng to hys prayse
My soule shal make her boiste
in god the lord of myght

The

In metre.

The poore oppressed shal heare ther of
and gladlye shal delyght
I pray you now exhort
o prayse the lorde wyth me
To gether wyth an humble harte
hys name to magnifye
For I my selfe besought the lorde
he harde me by and by
And out of al my payne and wo
he dyd delyuer me
Come and be you lyghtened
and to him drawe you nere
And then wythouten shamefastnes
your faces shal apeare
This poore man cried vnto the lord
And he dyd heare hys prayer
And from his troubles euery one
delyuered hym full fayre
The aungell of the lorde
doeth pytche his tente full rounde
Aboute al the that doeth him feare
to kepe them safe and sounde
How frendly is the lorde
o taste and se who luste

G.i.

And

The psalmes of Dauid
And blessed is that man
that in him putteth hys trust
O feare the lord his holioness
se that ye do hym please
For they that feare him lack nothig
but euer shal haue ease
The ryche shal suffer hunger greate
and want that lyuyng foode
But they that seke the lord shal lack
nothyng that which is good
Come hether o you chyl dren
and harken to my voyce
I shal you teache the feare of god
and therin to reioyce
Who so lulleth for to lyue
to se good dayes is fayne
Let hym hys tongue & lippes kepe
all euyl to refrayne
Al euyl thinges let them eschewe
do good and neuer cease
And let him seke and eke insewe
to lyue in reste and peace
For why the eyes of god are set
vpon the ryghteous men

In metre.

His eares are open to theyr praiers
and he prouydeth for them
The face of god is also bent
thy wycked men to se
Them to destroy out of the earth
and all theyr memozye
When ryghteous men do crye
the lord doeth heare their mone
And from their troubles by and by
he wil them helpe anone
The lord is nere vnto al them
that are in harte contryte
And he wil helpe soch as be meke
and of an humble spyte
The troubles of the ryghteous
although that they be great
The lord shal helpe them out of all
and sayre wil them intreate
He kepeth all theyr bones
together safe and sounde
So that not one of them is broke
wyth any strype or wound
But mys fortune greate
the wycked men shall kyll

The psalmes of Dauid
And they that hate thee ryghteous
shalbe accused of yll
The lord wyl the soule saue
of them that doeth him serue
And al that put ther trust in hym
that they shall neuer swarne
Deus in nomine tuo saluū. Psal. liii.

How that the ryghteous man
for helpe to god doeth call
And how that he incontinente
had his despyres all.

For helpe I call to the o god
because that I haue nede
For thy naines sake and in thy
delyuer me wth spede (strength)
Hearc my prayer my god my kynge
whan I to the shall praye
Consyder wel the wordes of me
that I to the wyl saye
The straungers & the myghteones
agaynst me doth surreckt
Whychc haue not god before theyr
my soule they wold in feckt (eyes)
But lo, god is my helpe at nede,
yea, onely it is he

Chap

In metre.

That doth vphold my soule in dede
from theyr iniquitie
And euyl shal the lord rewarde
vnto myne enemyes
And in thy truth thou shalt destroy
them that do thee despyse
I wyl offer to the o lord
and geue thy name the prayse
O lord because thou comfortest me
and helpest me alwayes
For thou Lord haste deliuered me
from al myne agonyse
So that mine eyes seyth hys desyre
vpon myne enemyes.

Te decit himnus deus in sion. Ps. lxxiii
How happye ar the men on the earthe
whom god hath chosen and blest
How god prouydeth for man also
in this psalme is expien.

Thou o god art praysted well
in Syon euermore
And they shal make theyr bowes to
and kepe the wel therfore (the
G.iii. Thou

The psalmes of David
Thou doest heare my praye lord
and thou art my comforte
Therefore all fleshe with one accord
to the they do resorte
Dure my deades agaynste vs lord
ful fast they do preynt
Be merciful vnto our synnes
that styl doeth vs assaile
Blessed is that man that thou
hast chosen vnto the
And doest elect w in thy courte
hys dwellinge for to be
With pleasure he is satisfyed
wyth in thyne hollye place
Yea, euen of thy temple lord
replenished wyth grace
Heare vs o lord according to
thy wonderous power & myghte
Of god yea, our saluacyon
in whome is our delyght
How myghtie is that sayour
it can not be dyscuss
All thinges on earth or in the sea
in the doth hope and trust

Whyche

In metre.

Wherche in hys myghtye strengthe
Doeth set the mountaynes faste
And he is gyde about with power
in heuen he is plaste
Whiche stylieth the wanes in the sea
and the roynge of the same
Thee woodnes of thee people also
the iuyng lord wyl tame
The dwellers in the vtter partes
they feare thy wonderous fame
The morning & the euening starres
doeth prayse thy holy name
Howe that thou vyldest the earthe
I can not it expresse
Thou waterest it and makeste it
so full of plenteousnes
The riuer of god with waters pure
doeth flow on enery side
And thou preparyst for mā his corne
the earthe thou doest prouyde
Thou waterest her forowes al
thou breakeste the clottes in pece
Thou makest the softe w droppes
& blessest the increace (of rayne

G.iii

Thou

The psalmes of David

Thou crownest þe yere o liuing lord
full wel wyth thy goodnes

Thy fote steppes all w one accorde
to vs they drop fatnes

The dwellynge in the wyldernes
are fat in lyke manere

The lytle hylles on euery syde
doth pleasauntly appeare

The felde & baleyes w shepe & cor
stand full on such a sort (ue

That al the peolpe laughe & synge
wyth ioy and great comfort

Beatus vir qui timer Psalm.cxi.

The ryghteous man that feareth God
shalbe ryght fat and sure

With fayth hys enemyes to wythstande
and strongly shal endure.

The man is blest þe feareth god
& walketh in hys waye

And to kepe hys cōmaundementes
delyghteth nyght and daye

His sede shal styl with might & pos
vpō the earth prospere (wer

The faythfull generacyon shal
be blessed in lyke manere

Ryches

In metre.

Ryches foy and plenteousnes
in his house shalbe sure
And eke I say hys ryghteousnes
for euer shall endure
In darkenes to the godly man
there rysethe by a lyghte
Whiche sheweth mercy louingly
and walke the way of ryght
Well is he that mercyfull is
and lendeth with good wyll
And woth discretyn evermore
hys wordes doth ponder styll
For moued shall he neuer be
his ryghteousnes shall sure
Be had in a remembraunce
that euer shall endure
When he doth heare of tydinges yf
he wyl not be afrayde
Hys harte beleueth assuredly
the lorde wyl be hys ayde
Hys harte is surely stablyshed
he wyl not shrinke butyll
That he vpon hys enemyes
hathe hys despyre and wyl

G. b.

De

The psalmes of David
He hath dealt abroad full well
and geuen to the poore
Hys ryghteousnes remainethe still
bothe now and euermore
His home shalbe exalted still
with power and eke with myght
The whych whā wycked mā shal se
ther at theyr wyl haue spight
And then shal he gnashe wth his tethe
and consume them awaye
The vngodly and theyr desyre
for euer shal decaye.

Laudate pueri domi. psalm. cxii.

It is oure duety bound,
as in this psalme is found,
To prayse the luyng lord,
and in that lorde of myghte,
To set oure hōle delyght
and in his holy word.

O prayse you now the lord,
and that withe one accorde,
Ye seruauntes do the same,
and se that euermore,
Ye serue hym wel therfore,
for blessed is his name.

The

The Lordes name to prayse,
 we are worthy alwayes,
Euen from the rysinge tyme,
 of the sunne fayre and brighte,
Untyll it be in syghte,
 that do wone she doeth incline.
The Lorde is hye of myghte,
 ther is no maner of wyght,
That can wyth hym compare,
 hys gloze certaynely,
Aboue the heauens hye,
 remaineth in lyke manere.
Who is lyke vnto hym,
 that wyl presume to chyn,
The whych so hye doeth dwell,
 the Lorde that is so meke,
Whych doeth behold to kepe,
 both heauen and earth full well.
Whych doeth the symple take,
 oute of the myrry lake,
And lyfteth them vp agayne,
 he taketh out of the dust,
All that in hym doeth truste,
 And ryddeth them of theyr payne.

So

The psalmes of Dauid
So that he maye hym sette,
among the princes great,
By his great power and myght,
the princes all amonge,
That ruleth all the thronge,
of people daye and nyght.
The whyche doeth make also,
the woman full of wo,
That baren longe hath bene,
A mother full of blys,
And kepeth an house ywys,
her chyl dren maye be sene.

In exitu Israel de Egipto. Psalm. cxiii.
Of them that doth in Idola true
Kynge Dauid doth vs tell,
And they that set on God theyr lue,
He wyl defende them well.

When Israel dyd procede
forth of the Egipte lande
And the house of Jacob from
the straunge peoples hande
Juda then was made
hys sanctuary sure

and

In metre.

And Israell hys Dominon
for euer to endure
The sea sawe that and fledde
wythoutē moze delaye
And Jordan turned backe also
euē from hys wonted waye
The mountaynes lyke two rammes
they skyped by and by
The lyttle hylles lyke yonge shepe
they leped by on hys
O thou sea what ayled the
so faste awaye to flee
Thou Jordan that þu turnedste back
and that so sodaynly
What ayled you ye mountaynes
lyke rammes for to skyppe
you lyttle hylles lyke yonge shepe
what caused you to lyppe
What was the cause þe earthly thin
thus fearefully dyd make (ges
At the presence of Jacobs God
the earth dyd tremble and quake
Whych turned the rockes full harde
to standinge waters sure

The

The psalmes of Dauid

The flint stones into springing wells
them hymns were very pure
Not unto vs o lyvinge Lorde
not unto vs I saye
But to thy name with one accorde
let vs geue prayse alwaye
Wherefore shal the heathen saye
to vs at any tyme
Wher is nowe they? God be come
of whom they synge in tyme
As for our god we saye agayne
he is in heauen hye
He doeth on erth what pleaseth him
howe can ye thys denye
As for they? Idols, what be they,
they are but syluer and golde
The worckes of men they be I saye
they are bothe dead and colde
They haue mouthes and speake not,
and eyes haue they also
Yet can they se nothinge at all
that goeth to or fro,
They haue eares and can not heare,
what ye to them doeth saye

Doses

In metre.

Roses haue they and smell nothing,
by nyghte noz yet by daye

They haue handes and handle not,
they haue no maner of grace

Fete haue they yet go they not
noz moue not from theyr place

They that made them let them be
lyke vnto them therfore

And lyke all soch as put theyr truste
in them for euer more

But let the house of Israell
trust in the lyvinge Lorde

He wyll them succor and defende
accordinge to hys worde

And let the house of Aaron
truste in the Lorde alwaye

He is theyr succor and defence
to kepe them nyght and daye

All ye that feare the Lorde I saye
in hym put confidence

You maye be sure that he wyll be
your succor and defence

The Lord is myndeful of vs all
and blesseth vs full well

Be

The psalmes of Dauid
He blessed the house of Aaron,
and eke of Israell
The that feare him, the blesseth he
both the great and small
The lord increase you more & more
you and your chyldren all
Ye are the blessed of the Lorde
as he hym selfe doeth saye
The which did make both heuē and
and created night & daye (erth)
All the heauens are the Lordes
euen as it is hys wyll
The earth he hath destributed
the sonnes of men vntyll
The dead prayse not the o Lorde,
as we maye truelye tell
Nomoze do they I am ryght sure
that go downe into hell
But we that be aloue o Lorde
we wyll to the geue prayse
From this tyme forth and euermoze
that is to saye alwayes

Exal

In metre.

Exaltabo te deus meus. Psalm. c. xliiii

The greatnes of the myght of God
thys psalme doeth shewe the same
And moueth all hys creatures eke
to prayse hys holy name.

I wyll magnifye the Lorde
my God, my Kyng moste pure
Thy name to prayse w one accoz
whych euer shall endure (De
Euery daye wyll I geue thanks
vnto the lyuinge Lorde
And prayse hys name for euer more
and that wyth one accorde
Great is the Lord and meruaylous
and worthy of all prayse
There is no ende of hys greatnes
the Prophe te Dauid sayse
One generation to another
doth prayse thy name full well
Thy hyghe glory & myghty power
they do declare and tell
They shal talcke of thy greate worz
and prayse thy holy name (Ship
They shal shew forth thi wondrous
& the glory of the same (workes
And

The psalmes of Dauid
And thyne abundant kyndnes Lord
remembered shall it be
When shal shewe forth and also sing
the righteousness of the
Both merciful and paciente
is God the Lorde of myghte
Lōge suffering, & of greate goodnes
to them that walke aryght
The Lorde is louinge to euery man
that walketh in hys waye
Hys mercy is ouer all hys woorkes
to guyde them nyght and daye
All thy woorkes prayse the o Lorde
as it is very ryghte
Thy holynes geue thanks also
to the with all theyr myghte
Thy glory and thy kyngdom lorde,
to shewe and to declare
To talke of thy great power also
full well we maye compare
Thy power thy glory & myghtynes
to vs thou doest it shewe
Thy highe kingdō & righteousnes,
that all men maye it knowe

Thy

In metre.

Thy kyngdom is an everlasting
kingdom true and sure

Thy dominio thoro w out al thinge
for euer doeth endure

The lord is faythful in al his dedes
and kepeth promyse iuste

Howe holy is he in all hys woorkes
it can not be discust

The Lord bpholdeth them that are
in daunger for to fall

Them that be downe he lyfteth vp,
when they on hym do call

The eyes of al thinges wayt on the
and put in the theyr truste

For þu doest geue the mercy full free
in season due and iuste

Thou openest thy handes to theym.
that trusteth the vntyll

All thinges lyuing w plentifulnes
ryghte well thou doest fulfyl

The lord is righteous in his wayes
hys woorkes be holy all

The Lord is nye vnto faythful men
when they on hym do call

They

The psalmes of Dauid
They that feare hym he wyl
fulfyll theyr hole desyre
He wyl them heare and helpe also,
whan they do hym requyre
They that loue the lord
them preserueth he
And he wyl scatter all abroad
soche as vngodly be
My mouth shal speake abundantly
and prayse the Lord therfore
Let all fleche thanke hys holy name
for euer and euer more.

(::) ¶ Finis. (::)

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